

SEPTEMBER 16, 1934

GUEST, MARTIN JOHNSON

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5:30 - 5:45 P.M.

AMERICAN BOSCH RADIO EXPLORERS CLUB

SEPTEMBER 16, 1934

SUNDAY

(SIGNATURE....."SAILOR'S HORNPIPE".....ACCORDION)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Presenting - the weekly meeting of the Radio  
Explorers Club!

(ACCORDION CONTINUES TO END OF THEME ---THEN OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

Come sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND SURF EFFECTS FOR FOUR COUNTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS FOR FOUR COUNTS)

Visit the cannibal **countries!**

(TOM TOM EFFECTS FOR FOUR COUNTS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the  
World Radio!

(STRONG GUST OF WIND - REGISTER - FADE)

CAPTAIN BARKER: Fair winds to you - well boys and girls...this is  
Captain James P. Barker in person. You'd better ask Mother and Dad  
to join us in today's meeting of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers  
Club. We're in for some mighty interesting adventures with one of  
the most famous explorers of our time...Martin Johnson, who's going  
to take us flying with him over the unmapped sections of Central  
Africa...Thrilling business that...being master of an airship.  
Personally, I'd rather have the decks of a windjammer under my feet,  
even though I've had my bad times on shipboard. (MORE)

CAPTAIN BARKER (Continues)      Take the time I ran afoul of the famous Sullivan gang when I was master of the big full-rigged ship Dovenby Hall. That gang was named after Larry Sullivan, a mighty tough hombre, and was made up mostly of ex-prize fighters. They were known as "crimps", and whenever a ship came into port, they would lure the crew away with glowing accounts of the fun that awaited them at Sullivan's boarding house. It was a confidence game, of course, and if the men were not blackjacked and shanghaied aboard some outward bounder, their captain actually had to pay Sullivan as much as \$100 per head to get them back again.

On the morning I brought the Dovenby Hall into port I went ashore on owner's business and returned about noon. At the gangway I was met by the mate...Belaying-Pin Jones, we called him... you'll soon see why.

"Well Captain," he said, "we're in a fine mess!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"I mean sir, there isn't a foremast hand left aboard the ship! They're off to a man in tow of Larry Sullivan's crimps."

By gad, was I furious! I was a young fellow then, with a mighty big idea of myself as a man. Mentally consigning Sullivan to Hades I went ashore again to enlist the aid of the British Consul.

"Really now, Captain Barker," he said, "I don't see how I can assist you. Sullivan is a dangerous man. If I were you I'd do as every other British shipmaster does...pay him his fee."

"Why, sir, " I shouted ... "that's blood money!"

"I'm hanged if I do!" I'll get those men back if I have to raid Sullivan's dive myself!"

Immediately on my return to the ship, I sent for Belaying-Pin Jones. "How would you like a little adventure tonight?" I asked him.

He was only a small fellow, but, by gad, he had the heart of a bantam rooster. "If there's a scrap in the wind, sir," he said, "You can count me present!"

At 11 that night we went ashore. Jones had a couple of hardwood belaying pins in his belt and I was armed with a heavy, knotted walking stick. It was pitch dark when we hove in front of Larry Sullivan's. Everything was silent as the grave. Jones -- a belaying pin in each fist -- followed me silently up the steps. Very cautiously I tried the door, and in a moment we were in a long hallway. At the far end was another door. A thin beam of light filtered through its keyhole, and from beyond it we heard the low rumble of deep voices.

"Not a sound now," I whispered to Jones. "When we reach that door we'll just burst in and take 'em by surprise!"

But at that very moment he tripped over a box and the thud of his falling body echoed loudly in the gloom. The voices behind the door ceased, but soon the sound of coarse laughter and the rattle of glasses began again. "Just the front door a-bangin', bullies," we heard someone say gruffly, "Have another drink on the house!"

(MORE)

"Whew"! Jones whispered. "That was a close one!"

"Too blame close!" roared a deep voice from behind us. "Come on, lads, pin their ears back and throw 'em out!"

Before we had a chance to raise our weapons we were surrounded by a group of sinister looking forms. They went to work on us with their fists until one of them found Jones' belaying pins. "That's it, lads," the deep voice roared, "put their blinkin' lights out! Finish 'em!"

I received a numbing blow on the temple and sank to the floor. The last thing I heard was, "Give it to the little guy too," That's the ticket! Now chuck 'em out!"

When I came to, it was dawn and I was lying in a gutter in the rain. Belaying-Pin Jones was lying to leeward of me, like a dead man. I got up, mighty painfully I may tell you, and went over to him. He was in bad shape, with a deep gash on his forehead, swollen lips and a black eye. Finally I brought him round and we hobbled back to the ship.

Well, fellows, before I could put to sea again, I was obliged to pay Sullivan \$50 per head blood money for the return of my men. My only consolation came when I learned that Mysterious Billy Smith - ex-middleweight champion of the world, had been among these playful hombres who had halted our invasion of Larry Sullivan's boarding-house. But come now, we must be getting along to Africa. By special arrangement with the American Museum of National History we are to hear from Martin Johnson, the big game hunter, who has spread more knowledge of wild Africa through motion pictures than any other man alive. He will be interviewed by our good friend and fellow club member Hans Christian Adamson....Mr. Adamson....

ADAMSON:

Thank you, Captain Barker...and now, Martin let's hop off with our fellow explorers on that flight across the Dark Continent of Africa - I hope we won't have a forced landing.

JOHNSON:

We'd better not, or we'll be in for plenty of trouble. A forced landing in these parts of Africa where we did most of our flying would be quite a serious matter. We'd have to push our way through all sorts of wilderness for days or even weeks, for there aren't any airports, or filling stations or mechanics where we went. We used two Sikorski amphibians - a large one that could carry 12 passengers and a small one with room for five. And believe me, Hans, we used those planes. In a year and a half we flew about 60,000 miles.

ADAMSON:

Enough to give you a pretty fair idea of what the jungles are like.

JOHNSON:

Say, I saw more of Africa in 18 months than I did in all the fourteen years I've spent there before. And all the beauty of it was that we didn't have an accident - not a single solitary mishap.

ADAMSON:

Don't tell me you flew 60,000 miles over Africa without having some sort of adventure in the air. Maybe you had no forced landings - but didn't you ever get lost?

JOHNSON:

Well, yes, we did get lost once or twice. You see, we couldn't depend on our maps, for Central Africa has never been carefully mapped. Mountains would appear miles away from where the map-makers put them. Rivers, lakes and plains, played hide and seek all over the place. Last summer when Trubee Davison and his wife were with us, we took off from one camp to fly to another several hundred miles away. It was a bad day. A high wind hit us right on the nose and reduced our speed. The air was so bumpy that we spent more time bobbing up and down than going ahead. Late in the afternoon I began to get nervois. We should have reached our goal by mid-afternoon, yet, there was no sign of it - not even a familiar landmark.

ADAMSON:

You were off your course?

JOHNSON:

Yes, but there was no way of knowing, how far off. We were flying over thickly wooded country - not a lake was in sight - which meant we'd have trouble landing. We had been in the air nearly five hours. We carried gas for only six hours so we'd be in a bad fix unless we landed pretty soon. I don't mind saying that I looked with straining eyes for a familiar spot. I shot a worried glance at the gasoline gauge, for our 500 horsepower engine drank gas at the rate of more than a quart per minute.

ADAMSON:

A pretty fix to be in.

JOHNSON:

It was, I can tell you - Then suddenly a familiar mountain came into view! What a relief! After a little figuring we discovered that we were nearly fifty miles off our course. If our luck held and the gasoline lasted we could reach our goal before dark. And reach it we did, but with just a glimmer of day-light left, and only a few drops of gas in the tanks.

ADAMSON:

That was a tight squeeze! Did the natives or wild animals ever threaten you when you were on the ground?

JOHNSON:

Well Vern Carstens, our pilot, got a bad scare. He was sleeping alone one night in a small plane. Toward dawn he was awakened by some funny sniffing sounds. When he saw a couple of rhinos just a few yards away, Carstens was paralyzed with fear. He was new in Africa but he had been around long enough to know that of all killers the rhino is the worst. The only thing that saved Carstens was that he was as petrified as a dinosaur. If he had tried to escape, those rhinos would have charged - and that would have been the end of Carstens. As it was, the rhinos lost interest and went away.

ADAMSON:

I'll bet Carstens looked under his bed every night after that for rhinos - I know I would....How about the natives? Did you have a hard time keeping them out of the planes?

JOHNSON:

No, as a matter of fact, we had a hard time getting them! to fly. And that included our own boys. Once my porters spent fifteen days walking 300 miles rather than do the trip by plane in a couple of hours...No, Africans are not air-minded, that is - with one exception - the pygmies over in the Congo. They like to fly?

ADAMSON:

JOHNSON:

I should say they do - A full-grown pygmy may be only four feet tall...He may have the mind of a small child, but he is curious and interested and takes to flying like a duck to water...Of course the pygmies were a little air-shy to begin with. Among the few who really wanted to fly were the twin daughters of a chief..two cute youngsters of fifteen. Their father was willing to let them go up, but their mother wrung her hands when the girls jumped into the plane. When we landed safely, the mother cried with sheer joy. She hugged the girls to her and walked off kissing them. That may seem quite natural to you but to me it was one of the most interesting things I ever saw in Africa. It was the first time I ever saw affection among the natives.

ADAMSON:

Did that maiden-flight break the ice with respect to flying?

JOHNSON:

I should say it did - after that we couldn't keep the pygmies on the ground (MORE)

JOHNSON (Cont'd) Once we loaded 36 of them into our 12-passenger plane and they wanted to stay up forever although they were crowded into the ship like sardines in a can without even room enough for the oil..But they were far different from other black people - such as Turkanas - who are so primitive that they wear no clothing at all.

ADAMSON: You mean that they've gone so completely nudist that they don't wear a single stitch?

JOHNSON: That's right ...not even a smile. They're a serious and suspicious people, and even after we got to know them they'd have nothing to do with our planes. They regarded flying as sheer nonsense. Of course, that got under my skin, so I told them that our planes could do anything that birds could do.... only better..."Then put them in the top of that tree," said an old Turkana, and pointed at a tree that was the roost of a lot of vultures....Now, I ask you, what can you do with people like that?

ADAMSON: No much...Were any natives afraid when your planes approached?

JOHNSON: Yes - and that reminds me of another amusing incident. Once we were flying over the plains country and passed an isolated little village. The natives evidently heard us, for they were clustered in the village square. (MORE)

JOHNSON:(Cont'd) We swooped down to give them a better view but instead of looking at us, they rushed madly for the nearest house. There must have been two dozen natives and as the house was only a small grass hut, it could not stand the pressure. It collapsed, with the result that some twenty-four natives struggled in a heap like four and twenty blackbirds excaping from a pie.

ADAMSON: How did the wild animals act when your planes roared over them?

JOHNSON: Well - curiously enough..The higher we flew, the more we frightened them. That puzzled us until we realized that the higher a plane flies the further it can be heard. On the other hand, a low flying plane zips over the ground so fast that it comes and goes before the animals realize it. Once we saw a group of 40 lions and time and again we flew over great herds of from 100 to 500 elephants -- a truly impressive spectacle..Oh....it was great fun..why no one ever had such a glorious time as we had.. just think how wonderful to have no air laws to obey, no hours to keep...we just flew around over that fascinating jungle country. Whenever we saw interesting native villages or herds of big game we circled around until we found a piece of water or an open stretch of plains country. Then we came down, photographed until we got what we wanted, and flew away to other interesting places...

ADAMSON: What did you do for food and bedding?

JOHNSON: Oh, we carried everything necessary...supplies, water, a two burner gasoline stove, bedding, cameras - everything necessary. We lived in comfort no matter where we were and sometime stayed days or even weeks at the same place.

ADAMSON: You make it sound very amusing and entertaining, but you have to admit, Martin, that your pioneering flights over Africa have opened up new and important avenues of exploration. It was great to have you here today but a shame that Mrs. Johnson, who has shared all your adventures, could not come along. You see Captain Barker, Mrs. Johnson is in the hospital but I'm sure that you and all the members of the Radio Explorers' Club wish her a speedy recovery.

BARKER: Indeed we do, Mr. Adamson, a speedy recovery and fair sailing. Speaking of sailing where do we go next Sunday?

ADAMSON: Well, we have a unique treat coming. Dr. Vilhjanner Stefannson, America's foremost authority on the Arctic will be with us.

BARKER: Say, that will be something none of us will want to miss. But that's next week. Right now I've got to get back to some important club business. You know thousands of boys and girls all over the country are already enjoying the privileges of membership in the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club.

(MORE)

BARKER (Cont'd) They're wearing the smart little membership button that we present to every member. They've received the handsome membership certificate with their own names inscribed upon it. And they're having lots of fun with something else I send to everyone who signs up...the authorized Radio Explorers Club Map which charts important short-wave stations all over the world. You too can join our Club, and by gad you ought to do it right away to be eligible for the special prize contest that I'm going to announce just two weeks from tonight with many wonderful prizes including personally autographed copies of my book "The Log of a Lime Juicer".

ANNOUNCER: To become an enrolled member of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club just send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening, to American-Bosch, American B-O-S-C-H, Springfield, Massachusetts. I'll repeat that: To join the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club just send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening, to American-Bosch, Springfield, Massachusetts.

With its new 1935 Round-the-World Radios, American-Bosch opens the doors of the whole world of radio adventure to you... exciting programs from the tip of Africa to the top of Asia.... entertainment from all six continents of the globe. In the new Personal radios, designed chiefly for long wave reception, American-Bosch has created sets so small, so light in weight that you can carry them upstairs, downstairs, all over the house. (MORE)

ANNOUNCER (Cont'd) Just the thing for the play room or bed room, and simply marvelous to carry away to college. Look -- and listen -- to these new American-Bosch Radios at your dealer's.

(SIGNATURE FADES IN)

ANNOUNCER: The American-Bosch Radio Explorers' Club meets here every Sunday afternoon, with Captain James P. Barker in command. Famous explorers are guests of the Club each Sunday under, special arrangement with the American Museum of Natural History. Next week, a trip to the North Pole with Dr. Vilhjannner Stefannson, America's foremost authority on the Arctic, who will be interviewed by Hans Christian Adamson of the American Museum.

(SIGNATURE TO CLOSE)

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